

pass H.R. 1098; No. 56 on motion to adjourn; No. 57 on agreeing to the resolution H. Res. 93; No. 58 on motion to suspend the rules and pass H.R. 1099; No. 59 on motion to suspend the rules and pass H.R. 802 as amended; No. 60 on agreeing to the amendment to H.R. 247 offered by Mr. TRAFICANT of Ohio; No. 61 on passage of H.R. 247; No. 62 on agreeing to the resolution H. Res. 84; No. 63 on motion to suspend the rules and pass H.R. 801 as amended; No. 64 on motion to suspend the rules and pass H.R. 811 as amended; No. 65 on agreeing to the resolution H. Res. 100; No. 66 on agreeing to the substitute amendment to H. Con. Res. 83 offered by Mr. KUCINICH; No. 67 on agreeing to the substitute amendment to H. Con. Res. 83 offered by Mr. STENHOLM; No. 68 on agreeing to the substitute amendment to H. Con. Res. 83 offered by Mr. FLAKE; No. 69 on agreeing to the substitute amendment to H. Con. Res. 83 offered by Mr. SPRATT; and No. 70 on agreeing to the resolution H. Con. Res. 83. Had I been present for the votes, I would have voted "yea" on rollcall votes 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 66, 67, 69; and "nay" on rollcall votes 56, 57, 65, 68, and 70.

#### TRIBUTE TO JERRY CLEVELAND WHITMIRE

#### HON. JAMES E. CLYBURN

OF SOUTH CAROLINA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

*Thursday, March 29, 2001*

Mr. CLYBURN. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to pay tribute to Mr. Jerry Cleveland Whitmire who passed away on December 19, 2000. Mr. Whitmire was a loyal servant of his community and of his country as an infantry officer in Korea and Vietnam. I believe the eulogy given by Reverend Charles M. Blackmon gives the most appropriate praise to this wonderful South Carolinian. Mr. Speaker, I ask you to join me today in honoring Mr. Whitmire.

#### EULOGY FOR JERRY CLEVELAND WHITMIRE DECEMBER 19, 2000

We are gathered, this afternoon, for a soldier's funeral. On his last journey in this world, Jerry Cleveland Whitmire—"Trigger"—will be draped in the flag of the United States of America, the flag for which he fought. And he will be escorted at each step by an Honor Guard, fellow soldiers of the United States Army.

Ladies and gentlemen, I have presided at more military funerals than I can possibly count. I am always impressed by the dignity and precision of the Honor Guard. I am also impressed by something else: These superbly trained soldiers are here for a specific purpose. They are here to remind us that it is not only family and friends who have come here to say farewell to Jerry. A grateful nation has also come here to say farewell. America is here to say farewell to a son, a dutiful servant, a hero.

It strikes me that to truly understand and appreciate this man, we need to look at his roots. We need to go back two generations to Jerry's grandfather and namesake, Jeremiah Cleveland Whitmire. Jeremiah was born in 1838. He was a blacksmith and yeoman farmer in the foothills of upper Greenville County. He did not own slaves—no Whitmire ever owned slaves. And when the legislature here in Columbia voted to secede from the Union, Jeremiah might not have agreed with all the reasons.

But Jeremiah was a man of duty and loyalty. When the war came, he hiked north to Ashville, where he mustered with the 14th North Carolina. In the ensuing years, he fought with gallantry in the Army of Northern Virginia: at Richmond, Spotsylvania Courthouse, Sharpsburg, Gettysburg, to the bitter end at Appomattox. At the conclusion of the war, his duty done, Jeremiah walked the hundreds of miles back to his beloved farm in Greenville.

Let me say this: Jeremiah would have been very, very proud of his grandson Jerry. He would have been proud that Jerry chose to go to The Citadel. He would have been proud of Jerry's decision to go into the infantry. He would have been proud that in the bitterest, coldest engagements in Korea, Jerry stood and fought at the point of maximum danger—as commander of rifle company on the front line. He would have understood Jerry's agony when a comrade fighting at his side, an African-American, sustained a terrible wound in the chest. Jerry cradled that man in his arms as he died.

Likewise, Jeremiah would have been proud of Jerry's combat service in Vietnam. He would have been proud that when the rest of America had become divided and uncertain—Jerry remained resolute and dutiful. Jerry was a soldier—he volunteered for a second combat tour in Vietnam.

And finally, Jeremiah would have been proud that at the end of the fighting, Jerry always returned to that same farm in upper Greenville County—land that Whitmires have farmed for more than two centuries. Jerry worked that land as a dairyman and cattleman throughout his adult life. He loved it with all his heart. Right up to the last, Jerry was happiest when he was tending his cattle, walking the bottomlands, jumping over creeks, climbing the highest hills. On that farm, Jerry Whitmire was at home.

Of course, for family and friends gathered here, we do not remember Jerry as a fierce warrior. We remember him as the gentlest of gentlemen—a man who was always full of laughter, a man who loved to make other people laugh. I'm told that, at the golf clubhouse at Fort Jackson, they serve a brew called "Trigger Beer" in recognition of his good spirits.

Jerry Whitmire was not a man of extraordinary virtues. He was a man of ordinary virtues possessed in extraordinary abundance. Kindness. Generosity. Charity. Honesty. Decency.

It's ironic. Jerry was a soldier who knew war intimately. But if the world did a better job of practicing those virtues that Jerry lived by, there would be no need for soldiers because there would be no war.

His brothers, James and Charles, will always remember him as an alter boy at Christ Episcopal in Greenville. Countless times they watched their baby brother Jerry carrying the tall silver cross down the center aisle. Jerry was—to the core—a Christian man. If he had one role model from the Gospels, it surely must have been the Good Samaritan. When it came to helping people and animals in need, Jerry knew no boundaries. He would always stop and help.

In the Gospels, Christ admonishes his followers to give away their possessions, including the shirts on their backs. On so many occasions, Jerry followed that command almost literally. He was constantly giving his time and money to other people. He was quick to forgive debts.

This same generosity applied to the dogs, cats, and cattle that had the good fortune to have him as their master. For several decades, now, Jerry has spent more money on hay and upkeep for his cows than he ever made by selling them at market. Truth is, Jerry never owned the cows—the cows owned him. And that was just fine with him.

The result of this lifetime of generosity and giving is that Jerry did not die a rich man. Money was not what drove him. Jerry understood that we make a living by what we make, but we make a life by what we give. He was forever giving: himself, his labor, his money. As a result he takes to the grave the only wealth that really matters: the wealth of a life well lived . . . the wealth of our respect and admiration and love.

Of course, for Jerry, his greatest wealth was his family, especially Tweetie, his beloved wife and partner of nearly a half century. Yes, Jerry had a powerful love for his daughters Laura and Marguerite. And yes, he loved his grandchildren. But truth be told, in his last years, he had a very, very special place in his heart for the youngest: his great-grandson Daniel.

And as Danny grows up to be a teenager and then a man, he will have the enormous privilege to learn more about Trigger, the great-grandfather he loves so much. Daniel will do well to live by his great-grandfather's example.

There is an old expression: Sometimes life is not as simple as it seems—it is even simpler. And so it is with people. Sometimes their lives can be captured best in the fewest, simplest words. To capture the essence of Jerry's life, I once again go back to his great-grandfather, Jeremiah. Jeremiah is buried at Ebenezer Baptist church not far from the Greenville farm. And on the gravestone, his epitaph is exactly eight words long. It says: "Confederate Soldier, Christian Citizen, Faithful to Every Trust."

With one necessary amendment, those same words can now sum up Jerry Cleveland Whitmire's life: American soldier, Christian citizen, faithful to every trust.

We will remember him with love.  
May he rest in peace.

#### IN RECOGNITION OF THE KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS ANNUAL HONOREES

#### HON. ROBERT MENENDEZ

OF NEW JERSEY

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

*Thursday, March 29, 2001*

Mr. MENENDEZ. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to recognize Police Officer Edward Ryan, Firefighter Brian O'Sullivan, and EMT Lt. Raymond Branagan, all of whom will be honored by the Knights of Columbus on March 31, 2001.

For the past eight years, The Fourth Degree Assembly 675 Knights of Columbus of Bayonne, New Jersey has honored officers from the city's three branches of service. The award honors both individuals who go above and beyond the call of duty and the departments that employ these brave men and women.

Police Officer Edward Ryan is being honored for evacuating the occupants of two burning buildings. On January 22, 2000, Officer Ryan was dispatched to a call regarding a fire at 86 W. 16th Street. Upon arrival, Officer Ryan found the building engulfed in flames with the fire spreading to the adjoining residence. Despite a rapidly spreading fire and severe smoke conditions, Officer Ryan heroically evacuated all residents from both buildings, allowing the fire department to immediately concentrate on fighting the fire, rather than on performing a search for trapped residents.

Firefighter Brian O'Sullivan is being honored for recently saving a life. He is a member of